# The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXXXV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1932 No. 3510

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Subscription Rates: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States; to Canada, $5.50; and to other foreign countries, $6.00.

THE NATION, No. 20 Vesey Street, New York City, Cable Address: Nation, New York. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising, Miss Gertrude M. Cross, 23 Brunswick Square, London W. C. 1, England.

THE LYTTON COMMISSION'S REPORT on Manchuria is a remarkable document, extremely well written, well-tempered, wise and just, and it completely upholds the Chinese case. As to that outcome there could be no doubt in the minds of impartial observers, but it is refreshing to have a League commission laying down ten principles as essential to a permanent peace between China and Japan and elucidating them in a clear-cut, straightforward, and eminently practical manner. Thus the commission, besides starting from the position that a settlement by the League must be just to both sides, declares that it must also have due regard for the interests of the Soviet Union, and must conform to the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Kellogg Pact. But, of course, the commission dwells upon the fact that any solution which did not recognize the "rights and interests" of Japan would be unsatisfactory. Its major specific recommendations are these: New treaties between China and Japan to clarify the situation and restate the rights and duties of each; a machinery for the prompt settlement of minor disputes as they arise; greater autonomy for Manchuria under Chinese sovereignty; the establishment of a gendarmerie to preserve order; security against aggression to be obtained by the withdrawal of all armed forces and by the making of non-aggression treaties. Finally, the commission recommends a new and equitable commercial treaty between China and Japan, and stresses the fact that a satisfactory settlement depends on temporary international cooperation in the reconstruction of China. The report is a constructive achievement of which the Lytton Commission may be proud.

AS IT STANDS, the Lytton report is, however, the greatest challenge to the League of Nations we have yet seen. The case of humanity and justice and right in Manchuria is now clear. The culprit is clearly exposed to the world and the proper course outlined in moderate and just language. How will the League handle the case against one of its major members with a permanent seat on its Council? Its weakness heretofore, notably its inability to stop the needless, horrible bloodshed at Shanghai, which cost the lives of 16,000 men, women, and children, dealt the severest blow to its standing and prestige. If it cannot now take the just and brave course as to Manchuria it might as well disband. Not that we minimize the difficulties that confront it, or the extreme dangers in the situation. We realize them fully. But the whole question of the value of the peace-making machinery at Geneva is now at stake, and so is the question whether Japan may deliberately defy the Kellogg Pact, the Nine-Power Treaty, and the Covenant of the League. If it can, then these documents are all of them mere scraps of paper of no value whatever. If Japan can now successfully defy the League, then the League merits only contempt. Its tendency will, we fear, be to delay, to defer, and to compromise, but it must not be deterred by Japan's reported defiance, by her threat to leave the League, or by the world-be-damned attitude of the Japanese militarists. The League can act for the peace of the world even if Japan ceases to be a member. The United States, too, cannot falter. The State Department's course has so far been judicious and correct. The next steps will, however, call for still greater wisdom and the highest type of constructive leadership.

SECRETARY STIMSON'S defense and passionate praise of Herbert Hoover was the outstanding event of the political week. Reviewing, ably enough, the praiseworthy moves made by the Hoover Administration—among many sins of omission and commission not mentioned—he loyally declared that more had been accomplished for the good of the world and America in particular through the foreign policies of President Hoover "than through those of any other President in the history of the country." He also described the President as courageous and farsighted, with a keen and ever-ready power of analysis, a well-poised and balanced intelligence, and an unceasing mental energy. Behind these qualities, he added, "lies the guidance of the human sympathies of one of the most sensitive and tender natures which have ever wielded such official power." What a pity it is that these wonderful qualities of this wonderful man have been so hidden that no one outside the State Department and other government bureaus suspects them! On the other side, Governor Roosevelt has concluded his tour of the West, becoming more outspoken, more progressive, and more courageous as he went along. His unqualified indorsement of Senator Norris will convince Wall Street that he *is* dangerously radical, and so will his excellent defense of the University of Wisconsin and his praise of the Wisconsin Progressives. On his return to Albany he suc-

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ceeded in forcing the nomination for governor of Lieutenant-Governor Lehman, after declaring that he would not stop fighting for him "until the other fellow is dead"—a direct defiance of Tammany Hall. As we go to press, New York politics are indeed simmering, with the Republicans putting forward their strongest candidate, Colonel William J. Donovan, and with the mayoralty issue, and the question of Walker's running again, hanging in the balance.

NO FOREIGN STUDENT, according to the recent ruling of Secretary of Labor Doak, shall take bread from the mouth of the American laboring man, especially at the moment when the laboring man is about to cast a vote. As a result, hundreds of the foreign students now scattered throughout the country must either get more money from home or go back where they came from—with an unforgettable parting lesson in American government and manners from Secretary Doak. By taking part in American life, and by forming firm and lasting friendships with American young men and women, foreign students have been invaluable agents in the promotion of international understanding and good-will. Now a great many of them must leave, since they will no longer be allowed to earn their meals and lodging by washing dishes or by doing any of the odd jobs which are inconsequential in relation to American unemployment but the lack of which may have a serious effect upon American popularity abroad. In the words of Nicholas Murray Butler, the ruling is "reactionary, stupid, and clearly against the interests of the American people and their influence in the world." In its narrow and disgusting provinciality it is painfully typical of Secretary Doak, but we are amazed that a cosmopolitan of Mr. Hoover's experience should tolerate it.

THE CONSERVATIVE PRESS has leaped to the conclusion that the bomb which destroyed the home of Judge Webster Thayer in Worcester was the work of Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers or of anarchists. If that is the case they have been a very long time in screwing their courage up to the bombing-point. One would certainly have thought that if Judge Thayer were to be done away with, it would have been soon after he had taken upon himself the dooming of two innocent men. Since then he has had his way with gangsters and other criminals whose friends and allies may quite possibly have committed the outrageous act that might so easily have ended in tragedy. We have been proud of the fact that the sympathizers with Sacco and Vanzetti have held themselves so completely in restraint, for that is the best way to serve the memory of those judicially murdered men. Any further injury to Judge Thayer, or any attack upon President Lowell or ex-Governor Fuller, would be a misfortune for all who believe that violence and injustice in this connection should be restricted to those who made a mockery of justice on August 23, 1927.

THE SCOTTSBORO CASE is scheduled to come before the Supreme Court of the United States this month, when the court will hear argument on the appeal from a lower court. If the Supreme Court should refuse to intervene, after having taken the initial step of consenting to review the cases of the seven Negro boys who, under conditions of mob terrorism, were convicted without the semblance of a fair trial, a miscarriage of justice without parallel in any civilized country will occur. Should the Scottsboro case be added to the Sacco and Vanzetti case and the Mooney case, there will be little, indeed, left of the fair name of American justice. Civilized opinion all over the world has expressed itself in no uncertain manner, and it is hardly too much to say that the conscience of the world will be profoundly shocked. To be sure, judges are not supposed to take "judicial notice" of public opinion, but that, of course, has never been more than a mischievous fiction. Apart from the fate of the particular Negro boys in the case, there is to be considered the effect which a refusal to grant them a fair trial would have in encouraging legal lynching in the South. We have had occasion to comment favorably in the past upon reports of the Civil Liberties Union showing the decline of lynching in the South in recent years. In the future it would become more and more easy to relate such declines to the character of Negro trials. A failure of justice in the Scottsboro case would set the seal of the land's highest tribunal upon a neat technique of disposing of troublesome Negroes under seeming "due process" of law. The court in the South would become the substitute for the mob.

FORTUNATELY, HOWEVER, the outlook for justice in the Scottsboro case is very bright. A good deal has been written about a new liberal trend in the Supreme Court in the last two years. Whatever may be said of the economic liberalism of the reconstituted Supreme Court, or in general of its record in cases involving civil liberties, it has shown itself ready to protect Negro rights. Only last year it reversed the death sentence of a Negro whose counsel had not been allowed to examine prospective jurors as to whether they might be influenced by racial prejudice. In 1923, in the case of Moore against Dempsey, the Supreme Court granted a new trial to five Negroes who had been convicted of murder in Arkansas under conditions of mob violence which it would be difficult to distinguish from those that prevailed in the Scottsboro case. The Moore case may be taken to have overruled the contrary position of the Supreme Court in the Leo Frank case. It is hopeful to recall that Justice Hughes, the present Chief Justice, voted with Justice Holmes to intervene in favor of Frank. If he is now joined by Justices Brandeis, Stone, Roberts, and Cardozo, the triumph of justice will be assured. The due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment, which was designed as a procedural safeguard of the rights of the Negro, will cease to be merely a protection of property rights.

SEVERELY CRITICIZING the State Department for holding up the League of Nations plan for Liberia, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People charged in a telegram to Secretary Stimson that "should the League adopt the American suggestion of imposing upon the League adviser dictatorial powers, the result would be, in our opinion, a destructive occupation similar to that which the United States has carried out in another Negro republic—namely, Haiti." It expressed the fear that if the League plan failed, the State Department would undertake a unilateral intervention for the protection of the Firestone interests. In a remarkably courteous and good-tempered reply Mr. Stimson declared that the United States "has no desire or plan to intervene in Liberia," but that it did

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not feel that the League plan bestowed adequate authority upon the proposed international commission to Liberia. The Firestone interests had, he added, no immediate connection with this problem, which was one of "order and humanity." This statement as to the disinterestedness of the United States is reassuring, but we repeat what we said last week —that if Geneva is willing to take responsibility for Liberia's reconstruction, the United States would be ill-advised to block the League's effort at regeneration. It is more than ever necessary for the facts to be known concerning the present negotiations. We urge that the sessions of the Liberia committee in Geneva be thrown open to the public.

WAR GOES ON IN THE GRAN CHACO, despite the peace-making efforts of neutrals and the counsels of common sense. Bolivia for economic reasons wants an outlet to the Paraguay River and thence to the sea. Paraguay is determined not to let any hateful Bolivian use *its* river. And so 1,000—or as unofficial reports have it, 4,000—Bolivian and Paraguayan young men have died of the disease called war in a wilderness unfit for human habitation, where tropical mud and poisonous insects add to the glory of a patriot's death. Meanwhile, in the capitals of the two countries, those who are never called upon to fight have been enjoying a frenzy of nationalistic hysteria. Young women have been marrying young men and sending them out to die. In Asuncion, President Ayala, on receiving news that Fort Boqueron has fallen before his brave soldiers, makes the supreme sacrifice of visiting the wounded in the hospitals; the War Office, 225 miles from the front, issues a fearless and uncompromising statement of defiance to Bolivia; and the people of the city "go wild with joy." In the Gran Chaco the World War in miniature is on view—stupidity, rapaciousness, death, and all. Let the world look well at the Gran Chaco. It will find there one more lesson in the futility and insanity of war. How many more such lessons will civilization need before it becomes sane?

OUR CONGRATULATIONS are due to Paul Blanshard, of the City Affairs Committee of New York, who has proved once more that a stockholder can exercise considerable influence upon the conduct and business methods of a company even if he only owns a share or two. Learning that the New York Telephone Company had charged to operating expenses a donation of $75,000 to the Emergency Unemployment Fund of New York City, he went into the stockholders' meeting and protested against it because, if it is included in the operating expenses, it becomes part of the basis for rate-making and is therefore eventually paid by the users of the telephones. He was at once overruled by the officials. The case then went to the New York Public Service Commission, which ruled that the expenditure should be charged to surplus. The Interstate Commerce Commission, next appealed to, has now decided with Mr. Blanshard that the $75,000 must be charged to profit and loss. Thereby it becomes a real contribution on the part of the stockholders out of profits, which is as it should be.

THE REJUVENATED RADIO STATION WEVD, which should mean much to progressives in New York and elsewhere, was rededicated to the service of the liberal public on September 28. Originally established some years ago in memory of Eugene V. Debs, it has now been completely rebuilt and moved to new quarters, thanks to the public spirit and generosity of the men who manage the *Jewish Daily Forward*. This may well prove to be a memorable event in the history of American radio. That there is tremendous need for a station over which men of all shades of liberal opinion may talk fearlessly is perfectly obvious. In numerous places in the West independent and liberal stations have sprung up which will in course of time inevitably come together if insuperable obstacles are not put in the way of such combinations by the Federal Radio Commission; and WEVD should be the New York end of such a chain. Eventually, it is hoped, there will arise an organization to challenge the two great systems which today dominate the field. At present WEVD suffers because there are other and more powerful stations using its channel. Free from the temptation of the purely commercial stations, though it must of course eventually pay for itself, WEVD has the opportunity of raising its standard steadily, and of avoiding the trash that goes over the air from other stations. As a memorial to Eugene Debs nothing could be more fitting. He would have resented any effort to raise a marble monument to him, particularly in these times when so many Americans are starving or are near starvation. But the giving of his name to a medium for transmitting free thought and free speech across the country is emphatically what he would have liked, he who was so ready to go to prison for his beliefs and for telling the whole truth about the war which everybody now admits.

"MR. WILLIAMS, with his wild scalp-locks and love-locks flowing; with his blown, disheveled, extemporaneous, neglected, surprised appearance; with his strange second-hand clothes of the mound-building period, his picturesque gaiters, his mysterious and melancholy eyes, and his general air of incognito . . ." Thus a Washington correspondent once described the late John Sharp Williams, long a distinguished Senator from Mississippi, who died on September 27. But that does not adequately describe an original, genial, and interesting personality and one usually spoken of as "an old-fashioned Senator." Whatever Mr. Williams's appearance, no one could fail to be impressed by his rapid-fire mind, or question his great ability, his skill upon his feet that speedily made him one of the most feared debaters in the Senate. In his youth a student and duelist at Heidelberg, he well understood European conditions. Well-informed on many issues, he was an extremely narrow Southerner, his democracy limited by race, hobbled by the creed of the old South. Yet there were times when he could rise to the heights of genuine statesmanship. When the war came, he announced that there were "a million traitors in America" and many thousands of spies, and that he desired and welcomed the draft to smoke them out. He too wanted to wage the war to the bitter end, reckless whether it ruined this Republic or not, all in the hope that it would stop the mad race of armaments and finish war itself. He lived to see the loss of all our war objectives, but he will be long remembered in Washington as one who held opinions and dared to voice them with vigor and force; who was not to be bossed; who lived as he pleased, and retired to his Mississippi fireside in 1923 for the simple and sufficient reason that it suited him to do so.

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# Cabinets and Cabinets

WE are amused to hear many Republicans expressing great anxiety as to the kind of Cabinet which Governor Roosevelt, if elected, may appoint. They express alarm lest he invite William Randolph Hearst to a seat at the Cabinet table. They are afraid, or pretend to be afraid, that Mayor Hague of Jersey City will have the naming of one member, and that William G. McAdoo, if defeated in the California election, will be asked to be Secretary of State. They dwell movingly on the dearth of good material in the Democratic Party and, if partisan enough, touch upon the danger to the Republic of having Speaker Garner sit with the Cabinet. As for the Socialists, it is a common sneer that if Norman Thomas were elected, there would not be enough first-rank Socialists to fill half the Cabinet seats.

Let us say at once that the humorous aspect of this Republican concern as to Governor Roosevelt's Cabinet arises from the fact that we know of no Cabinet that has been composed of such unworthy or inadequate material as Mr. Hoover's, with the exception, of course, of President Harding's assemblage, of which so considerable a percentage went to jail or narrowly escaped going. Mr. Wilson was often criticized because of some members of his Cabinet, such as William C. Redfield, Josephus Daniels, Mitchell Palmer, and one or two others. But by comparison with the Hoover Cabinet Mr. Wilson's was excellent. It is quite possible that the reason for the Hoover selections lies in the desire of weak and egotistical men not to surround themselves with others who might bulk as large as or larger than themselves. At any rate we challenge anyone to produce from the list of any other Cabinet, save Harding's, as many men of such inferior caliber as Messrs. Doak, Hurley, Chapin (Mr. Hoover's latest appointment, the Secretary of Commerce), Brown, Hyde, and Wilbur. There was a time when Cabinet posts were supposed to go to men of genuine distinction. In choosing Mr. Chapin, Mr. Hoover picked the president of a motor company who is in no wise superior to hundreds of other manufacturing presidents and business go-getters. His name had hardly figured in the press; he had never held office, save as a member of a war-time committee. Yet this excellent automobile salesman and highway expert was picked by Mr. Hoover to head the Department of Commerce in the middle of the gravest financial disaster in our history!

As for the Postmaster-General, Walter Brown, he is and has been a purely political official. A graduate of one of the worst of our political machines, the Ohio Republican organization, he has run his department for partisan purposes —like many predecessors, it is true. But few of those have been of the type to which Mr. Brown belongs. As for the cotillion leader, the newly rich and militaristic Colonel Hurley, who heads the War Department, his part in the brutal use of troops to expel the bonus army has made his name anathema to such multitudes that it is hardly necessary to waste space upon him. We wish, however, to call our readers' attention to one matter. In our issue of August 17 Paul Y. Anderson declared that one of Secretary Hurley's statements "is such a tissue of known and demonstrable falsehoods that utter panic must have prompted it." This charge of falsehood in a public document was either true or untrue. If untrue it was certainly actionable. In a personal letter, on August 11, the editor of *The Nation* called Colonel Hurley's attention to Mr. Anderson's charge. On August 23 Horace Thompson, executive assistant to the Secretary of War, replied: "I hope to have an opportunity soon to place your communication before him [Secretary Hurley]." Not a word have we had since. Either Mr. Thompson has been unable to talk to his superior, or the Colonel was unmoved by Mr. Anderson's attack upon his veracity as a public official.

We submit that under no other important government would a reputable official remain silent in the face of such a charge, least of all a Cabinet officer. Can one imagine a British or German or French Cabinet member permitting a journalist of Mr. Anderson's high standing thus to assail his official honor without moving in the matter? How long would an English Secretary for War have allowed such a statement to go unchallenged? If he did not move he certainly would be held accountable by his Cabinet associates and would be at once cross-questioned on the floor of the House of Commons. As for Mr. Doak, the Secretary of Labor, was there ever a man less fitted by his temper and record to hold such an office, unless it be his predecessor, James J. Davis, who at this writing is being prosecuted in court by the government for running a lottery forbidden by law? Mr. Doak is blatantly intolerant and prejudiced, as narrowly nationalistic and insular in all his views as it is possible to be. He is the type of ignorant and roughnecked official to be found in no other high governmental service— the type that is utterly indifferent to American ideals, and therefore is helping to bring our institutions into contempt.

As for Mr. Hyde, the Secretary of Agriculture, we cannot find anybody who takes him seriously unless it be the editors of the Republican newspapers, who solemnly print his political pronouncements and conveniently forget the complete nonsense he talked and the false prophecies he made in 1929-31 about the economic collapse and its duration. But it is not necessary to go on. We would merely go on record as saying that in our judgment it would be perfectly impossible for Franklin Roosevelt, with his training and associations and his record as Governor of New York, to appoint a Cabinet that could possibly be half as bad as the Hoover Cabinet. We have not the slightest idea that he will choose either William Randolph Hearst or Marion Davies.

As for Norman Thomas, if and when the day comes that he is elected to the Presidency, he will, we venture to prophesy, select people of a quite opposite type: earnest and sincere social workers; students and teachers of economics; leaders of labor of an entirely different type from Messrs. Davis and Doak; persons who have no political affiliations whatever. Least of all would he choose party hacks or the graduates of the worst of our political machines. Talk about the injury done to this country by agitators and radicals! What could be worse for it than the degradation of the Cabinet at the hands of Herbert Hoover?

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# Cuba in Torment

ANOTHER shocking reminder of the chaos existing in Cuba was given by the assassination on September 27 of Dr. Clemente Vasquez Bello, president of the Cuban Senate and one of President Machado's intimates. Last July similar methods were employed by the opposition to do away with Captain Miguel Calvo, chief of the National Secret Police; while in September other political assassinations occurred. Cuba today is under a regime of terror which would do credit to a Balkan state. In one sense economic conditions are responsible for this state of affairs. Long before the general fall in prices, Cuba, a one-crop country, was suffering from the overproduction of sugar. Despite the crop-restriction efforts of the Chadbourne plan —which seems to have aided the New York bankers more than the Cuban *colono*—Cuba today is in a state of abject poverty, if not of famine. In 1931 Cuba exported to the United States only $90,000,000 of goods, in comparison with $300,000,000 exported annually in the period 1921 to 1925. Government revenues have declined from $87,000,000 in 1927 to less than $50,000,000 estimated for 1932.

Economic conditions alone do not, however, explain Cuba's despair. A fundamental cause for unrest is the fact that the island is still governed by the Machado dictatorship. Despite the ill-fated revolt of August, 1931, and the failure of every effort at conciliation with the opposition, Machado clings to his office. This is all the more remarkable because, with the exception of Gomez of Venezuela, the other dictators of Latin America—Leguia in Peru, Ibañez in Chile, Irigoyen in Argentina, and Washington Luis in Brazil—have been overthrown. Machado's success in staying in power is due partly to the fact that he pampers his army, but also to the moral support which he receives from American bankers and the State Department by virtue of the Platt Amendment. As a result of this amendment and the reciprocity agreement of 1902, American capital has absorbed the larger part of Cuba; and no revolt can occur without doing serious injury to American interests. Throughout the entire history of the Platt Amendment, whose abrogation we have steadily called for, no revolution in the island has been successful. If the United States does not actually intervene, its moral influence aids the *de jure* government.

Machado knows that he could not stay in office an hour should he encounter the antagonism of Washington or Wall Street, whose boots he steadily licks. This explains why, although Cuba is suffering even more severely than many other Latin American countries which have long since proclaimed a moratorium, Machado is straining every resource to meet interest payments to American creditors. In resigning as Ambassador to Mexico, a distinguished Cuban, Señor Marquez Sterling, recently declared that the condition of chaos and anarchy in Cuba—a production of misery and despair—was fundamentally due to a dictatorship which is "castigating the hunger and nakedness" of the Cuban people in order to retain the "benevolence of the bankers." We can well understand why Machado confiscated copies of the New York *Prensa* containing this letter, upon their arrival in Havana, but we cannot understand why the United States should continue to lend its support to an intolerable regime.

# Who *Is* Who?

"WHO'S Who in America" for 1932-33 is just off the press with biographical sketches of 30,545 persons and an interesting statistical study which throws some light on the natural question: What circumstances are likely to surround the development of those men and women who reach the degree of distinction implied by inclusion in the work? Approximately one out of every four thousand inhabitants of the United States figures in the volume, and though the arbitrary inclusion of certain classes —all members of Congress, all army officers above the rank of colonel, all bishops of the larger religious denominations, et cetera—makes inclusion no absolute proof of eminence, the basis of selection is as good as any which could be proposed, and is applied systematically enough to make the statistics based upon the book of real significance.

One naturally asks first about the geographical distribution of the personages listed, and one finds that the States which have been settled longest are those in which the greatest number of distinguished Americans were born, as well as those in which the greatest number now live. Thus, New York is the birthplace of 3,705, and Pennsylvania comes next with 2,279, while California contributes only 495, and several of the more recently developed States less than 100 each. There is no paradox in this, nor in the educational status of the eminent. Of the 26,991 who were included in the last previous volume concerning whom sufficient data were available, 22,966 attended college, 2,230 were educated in high or secondary schools, and only 1,795 did not get beyond the grammar schools. Nor does a detailed study of the 3,931 persons included in the new volume for the first time present a different picture. Of them 8.96 per cent of those reporting educational data had received only common-school education, while 83.05 per cent had enjoyed the benefits of a college education.

Equally interesting are the facts revealed by other studies of this same newly admitted group. The average age of the new group is 51.17 years, but there is a significant difference in the average ages if taken by groups arranged according to the field of endeavor. Educators come most quickly to fame and appear in "Who's Who" 17.54 years after their graduation. Scientists require more than two years longer, while writers first appear 22 years after the completion of their education, doctors 25.04 years, artists 25.95 years, lawyers 29.67 years, and business men 31.29 years. The average age at which the newly eminent married was 28.44 years—considerably above the average for the total population—and the average number of children per family is only 2.1, the clergymen being the most prolific with 2.86 and the artists the least prolific with 1.11.

If earning power rather than inclusion in "Who's Who" were made the test of distinction, the story might be different, but it is obvious that the romantic tendency to celebrate the advantages of self-education, the pioneer environment, and the early assumption of family responsibilities will get little support from this study. The average distinguished man in the United States was born and lives in a center of population; he graduated from college; he married relatively late; and he produced few children.

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# THE POT AND THE KETTLE

## Governor Roosevelt Turns to God

I promise you an understanding heart. I promise you the best that is in me. I cannot give you more than that. I ask for your help; for your help to lead the United States of America, not just to better days, but to a higher standard of morality, a higher standard of decency, a greater faith in God.

WHEN I read these words I was again convinced that Franklin Roosevelt is going to be our next President. When a public man has reached the stage of this sort of sob stuff; when he begins to talk about me und Gott in this manner, I feel sure that the finger of destiny is pointing straight at him. For I must confess that this sort of thing goes over awfully well with the American people. You will remember that old story of the instructor in English at the University of Chicago who told his students to write a short story and warned them that there were certain elements that must appear at the very beginning if the story was to sell. It must be dramatic; it must have the element of suspense; it must smack of the nobility, because Americans so dearly love a lord; and above all it must have a touch of religion, with which was deftly to be combined a very slight suspicion of impropriety, just to whet the appetite of the same godly who need to be appeased. The anecdote goes on to relate that the first story submitted combined all these qualities in such a ribald first sentence that I fear to print it here. It seems to me that every good campaigner ought to be told this story. It would certainly help him to be dramatic, to create a feeling of suspense, to touch upon our American nobility (which in the eyes of the man seeking office is always the nobility of labor), to suggest a certain bit of impropriety, that is, radicalism, to stir the people into believing that one has something new and exciting to offer. To all this must be added as a final touch the ethical and religious note. When that stage is arrived at, when great crowds appear and swallow it with complete satisfaction, then we may be certain that our campaign orator is well on his way to the Senate, or to the White House, or to whatever it is that he desires.

* * * * *

THE Governor followed up this conventional and perhaps necessary appeal for God with a refusal to speak on political subjects on Sunday, "out of respect to the Sabbath," the papers reported, but I will wager one hundred to one that it was not so much out of respect to the Sabbath as out of respect to certain pious voters. But waiving that, I frankly wish that the good Governor had omitted the passage I have quoted at the head of this page and had got right down to brass tacks on certain issues. Anybody can do the appeal for God; every candidate, from keeper of the horse-pond up, pledges that he will do his best and give all that he has in him, and carries a guaranty chalked on his back that he has an understanding heart. That is every candidate's stock in trade. What didn't our good old Presbyterian, Woodrow Wilson, say in the days before he was President, with his appeal "to God that in the complicated state of modern affairs, we may recover the standards and repeat the achievements of that heroic age" of the Revolution? But Woodrow Wilson, at least, did say an occasionally fine thing, as, for instance: "I tell you, when you discuss the question of the tariffs and of the trusts, *you are discussing the very lives of yourselves and your children.*" Governor Roosevelt is not getting beyond the platitudes except in a few instances. He talks a lot about the forgotten man, but he has not let us know whether or not he believes that Americans should be starving to death for lack of government aid. He has not said that he thinks the tariff affects the very lives of each of us and of our children, or pledged himself to cut that tariff canker out of our national life, come what may. He has not yet said a word about the bonus, though we are told that he will. Indeed, there are a lot of gaps that he must fill up between now and election day, a lot of questions besides these which he must answer, despite the political skill with which he has handled his campaign and thrown the Republicans into such confusion that day by day they contradict themselves on this subject of the Governor's wickednesses.

* * * * *

HERE are some of the things that Norman Thomas would say and does say, but that neither a Republican nor a Democratic candidate can or will: "I pledge myself not to make a single appointment to office for political reasons or as a reward for activity on my behalf, and I pledge myself to put under the Civil Service rule every postmaster in this country, and every other office that I can possibly induce Congress to take out of my hands, believing that if I do so I will remove one of the greatest causes for the inefficiency and the corruption of our political life. I pledge myself to follow the American custom of one hundred years and reduce our army and navy to a negligible factor, in so far as it lies in my power to do so. I pledge myself to strike at special privilege wherever I see it, and I will begin by laying my ax to the root of the power trust. I promise a Cabinet chosen without regard to residence, sex, color, or creed, of the ablest available, without asking their attitude toward me during the campaign, provided only that they are honest and sincere and desirous of genuine economic freedom. Above all, I pledge myself not to touch William Randolph Hearst, or anybody like him, with a twenty-foot pole." But of course I am too late to affect Governor Roosevelt on this last point—even if I could affect him in any way—for he has already shaken hands with William Randolph Hearst and has attended Marion Davies's charity fete in Los Angeles. Who says that he will leave any stone unturned to become President? To have been in the company of W. G. McAdoo is bad enough in view of the role played by him before and during the Democratic convention. But once you are a Republican

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or Democratic candidate you may have any kind of political bedfellow you wish and get away with it.

* * * * *

MEANWHILE it is not necessary to fire questions at Norman Thomas. He steadily batters away at the real objectives; he is letting the pot call the kettle black, and does not object when the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Jahncke, calls Governor Roosevelt a "wilful" liar in all of the Governor's speeches except two or three, in which he thinks the Governor was simply ignorant. The New York papers are doing rather well by Norman Thomas in the matter of printing his speeches. If only he could have a few thousands of dollars to enable him to speak steadily over the radio, he would roll up a protest vote that would startle Franklin Roosevelt and Herbert Hoover into forgetting that each is the right-hand man of God.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

# Eat and Be Poisoned

By ARTHUR KALLET and F. J. SCHLINK

SIX THOUSAND poisonings, seventy deaths, in England in the year 1900, from beer containing small quantities of arsenic. Three hundred French sailors poisoned early in 1932 by wine contaminated with arsenic. A girl, aged seven, killed by arsenic fumes from the dye in moldy wallpaper. Six persons poisoned in California in 1931 by mustard greens sprayed with lead arsenate. A four-year-old girl, in August, 1932, dead from eating sprayed fruit. With a background of cases like these, are you willing to have even very small doses of arsenic, a deadly poison, administered to you and your children daily, perhaps several times daily? Willing or not, if you eat apples, pears, cherries, berries, celery, and other fruits and vegetables, you are also eating arsenic.

The source of this dangerous poison is the lead arsenate which is sprayed on fruits and on some vegetables to protect them from the coddling moth and other insects destructive to crops. It is extensively used, especially in the Western States, which produce our most attractive and unblemished fruits. A residue of arsenic and lead remains on the fruit, and when you wash your apple or pear under the faucet you remove only a small part of the poison. The fruit-grower can, however, under government direction, remove the poison almost completely with a wash of dilute hydrochloric acid; but the federal Food and Drug Administration, proceeding on the unproved theory that arsenic in small quantities is not injurious to your health, permits the grower to market fruit and vegetables contaminated with 12/1000 of a grain of arsenic, in the form of arsenic trioxide, per pound of fruit.

Twelve-thousandths of a grain is today the legal limit, but with numerous fruit-growers completely unequipped for removing the spray residue, and with the staff of government inspectors available for fruit inspection far too small to exercise more than a fraction of the necessary supervision, one must be blind to suppose that a large part of the supply of apples and pears and many other fruits and vegetables is not contaminated with far more arsenic than is legally permitted. In the Northwest, after a dry season in which an unusual amount of spraying was necessary, apples were found to be contaminated with more than ten times the legal maximum of arsenic. Of four samples of California apples and pears purchased in New York City in August, 1932, three carried arsenic above the legal limit. Two carried twice the legal amount.

* A chapter from a book, "Poison for Profit," to be published soon by the Vanguard Press. A second excerpt will appear next week.—EDITOR THE NATION.

What little protection we consumers have against the poisonous arsenic residue we owe to the action of the British health authorities, who threatened to ban the importation of any American apples carrying more than 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide per pound of the fruit. It is noteworthy that the action of the British Royal Commission on Arsenical Poisoning, which *as far back as 1903* set up a limit of permissible arsenic of 1/100 of a grain per pound, went unheeded by American food officials for more than twenty years. Not until American apples were banned from foreign markets—no longer a threat merely to the health of consumers but a threat to the economic interest of producers—did the food officials take action. And what action! The British threatened American fruit exports in 1925. In 1926 limitation of arsenic contamination was attempted. In 1927 the federal Food and Drug Administration declared that while apples intended for export must not bear a residue of more than 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide per pound, *apples intended for domestic consumption would be permitted to carry two and one-half times the "safe" limit of arsenic!* Nevertheless, we have every reason to be grateful to the British authorities, for before 1926 apples were legally sent to market with any amount of arsenic that happened to remain in and on them, even if it were ten or twenty-five times the safe amount.

In 1927, said the administration, we will permit *two and one-half* times the safe limit of arsenic on apples for domestic consumption, but by 1928 the arsenic spray residue must be down to that limit—1/100 of a grain per pound. But when 1928 rolled around, the administration again found it inexpedient to force the fruit-growers to adopt this limit, and the new tolerance on apples for domestic consumption was set at *twice* the safe limit. By 1931 it had been reduced to *one and one-half times* the safe limit, and for 1932 the tolerance has been set at *one and one-fifth* times the safe limit. But, unfortunately, this is only an occasionally enforced official arsenic limit.

Let it not be supposed that the removal of the arsenic residue from fruits is a difficult business requiring expensive equipment. The cost of removing the residue from a bushel of fruit is less than five cents; in many sections of the country it averages about two or two and one-half cents.

The government has acknowledged the hazards of excessive consumption of arsenic residues; it has permitted residues large enough to constitute a serious health hazard; yet we cannot find that it has uttered one word of warning to

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the public, or even so much as suggested mildly that apples and pears be peeled before they are eaten, or that the stem and calyx portions (the two ends of the "core") be cut away.

Perhaps the most thoroughgoing recent investigation of arsenic poisoning was made at the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital. C. N. Myers and Dr. Binford Throne of this hospital reported before the American Chemical Society in 1931 that mild cases of arsenic poisoning, usually unsuspected by either physician or patient, are frequent. Their investigations had shown that arsenic was the factor causing "bald spots," or "patch baldness," and also loss of pigmentation and certain types of abnormal pigmentation of the skin. They attributed the arsenic largely to the "increased use of arsenic spray for the destruction of insects."

Earlier, Myers and Throne had analyzed the blood and urine of several hundred adult patients suffering from eczema, in an effort to discover whether arsenic was a cause of this ailment. They concluded that in about 30 per cent of the cases arsenic was a factor of great importance. Further study by Myers, Throne, and Laird S. Van Dyck on eczema in infants and young children supported this conclusion. They discovered arsenic in the urine specimens of 55 out of 105 children with eczema or urticaria, a related disease. Eleven children not suffering from eczema were used as controls, and the urine of only one of these contained any arsenic, that of ten being completely free of the metal.

In their report these doctors state:

> Attention has been repeatedly called to the contamination of fruits and vegetables from the use of insecticides, such as lead arsenate. Increased emphasis must be placed on the danger from this source, since Vogel has found arsenic not only on the skin of certain fruits, but even inside the fruit itself. . . . It is possible that many cases of so-called "ptomaine" or food poisoning are really cases of metallic poisoning. (Arsenic is one of the deadly "heavy metals.")

How much arsenic do these investigators consider harmful? Their report includes a table of the arsenic content of foods in which this metal has been found. Most of the fruits and vegetables analyzed had less than one part of arsenic in each ten million parts of the food, often coming from the soil by growth processes and not added in any way by man's artifice, except through heavily contaminated fertilizer added to the soil. But still our food officials are willing to proceed on the theory that continued doses ten or twenty times as great as this are to be disregarded.

Perhaps no one would have eczema, patch baldness, or even discolored skin due to arsenic if arsenic were taken into the body only with one or two fruits or vegetables containing but a minute proportion of arsenic; but with a large number of these and other foods contributing their daily quotas, the danger is many times compounded. Let us refer again to the report above quoted to see just how arsenic ramifies through our food supplies. The following is a list of foods in which, the investigators state, arsenic was found: peas, carrots, apples, mushrooms, pears, rice, beef, veal, mackerel, eggs, potatoes, cauliflower, spinach, white beans, cabbage, lettuce, dried peas, dried fruits. Tests on a few samples made for Consumers' Research in September, 1932, showed the presence of important amounts of arsenic in stick candy, breakfast cocoa, and a baking powder. The decision of the Food and Drug Administration to permit permanently a residue of 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide in each pound of the fruit or vegetable must be judged in the light of these findings, which indicate the probability of entry of arsenic into the body with *many common foods* rather than with only one or two.

Arsenic is not the only poison in fruits and vegetables with which we consumers must contend. Lead, the other metallic residue of lead-arsenate spray, is certainly far more dangerous. But here we find a curious situation. Lead is a cumulative poison. Part of the lead taken into the body is stored and may become dangerous to the point of disaster when enough of the metal has collected. The amount necessary to cause noticeable symptoms depends upon the health and ruggedness, or personal peculiarities, of the individual concerned. The Food and Drug Administration admits this hazard and states that no residue of lead whatever is permitted on fruits and vegetables coming to the market. Despite this, there is not the slightest evidence that any effort is being made to enforce this drastic dictum. Nowhere do the government's technologists tell the farmer how he can remove *all* of the lead from the residue of the lead arsenate (which is a chemical compound containing both lead and arsenic), while leaving 1/100 of a grain of arsenic trioxide. If apples contain less than the permitted tolerance of arsenic, the farmer is not asked to concern himself over the amount of lead the apples carry. When a German writer, K. Lendrich, tested American apples, he found that not a single one of forty-five samples was free of either arsenic or lead, and there was about *sixty times as much lead as arsenic trioxide* on some of the apples. In later tests, after the threat of embargo had resulted in the removal of some of the residue, he found the amount of arsenic well below the world tolerance, but there was still from *three to eighteen times as much lead as arsenic trioxide*. The tests of the four apples and pears purchased in New York City in August, 1932, showed appreciable amounts of lead on each sample.

If spray residue on fruits and vegetables were the only source of lead, the results of the deception would not be so important. With the body storing this cumulative poison from many sources, however, the menace becomes more serious. Some of the more important sources of lead are drinking water which has run through lead pipes, acid drinks which have been in contact with lead-glazed enamelware or earthenware, lead used as a dressing and adulterant in silk garments, and lead paint on toys and furniture.

The hazard of lead poisoning, particularly to children, who frequently have an amazing appetite for paint, is so serious that it will be worth our while to note what authorities say about it. Dr. Edward C. Vogt of the Infants' and the Children's Hospitals in Boston, for example, recently reported that "lead poisoning in children is more common than generally suspected and may be the cause of obscure neurologic and gastro-intestinal complaints." "Lead poisoning in children produces a severe and dangerous form of cerebral involvement," according to a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. A review in the *Bulletin of Hygiene* states:

> We have no knowledge of the exact amount of lead necessary [to cause poisoning] or of idiosyncrasies in children who develop plumbism [lead poisoning]. Slight degrees and atypical forms seem more common than is suspected. Many children are pale, listless, backward; they . . .

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> may be without appetite, may have abdominal sensations and even colic; others have headache, possibly a faint blue line on the gums, or even suspicions of foot or wrist drop. . . . As a diagnostic point the possibility of exposure to lead risks has to be thought of.

It must be evident from these statements that every possible source of lead poisoning should be eliminated forthwith; that, above all things, a lead-arsenic residue should not be permitted to remain on food. The federal food and drug officials find it very easy to sympathize with the fruit-grower, to whom residue removal is but another vexing problem. Either lack of imagination or indifference hides from these officials the fact that they may be contributing to the wholesale poisoning of both children and adults. If the fruit-growers and farmers cannot spend the moderate sum necessary to instal adequate equipment for removing spray residue, let the government supply the equipment or establish numerous residue-removal stations where fruit and vegetables can be cleaned—and tested—before marketing.

When the officials of the Department of Agriculture again consider this problem, may we recommend that they have the following statement framed and kept constantly in view? It was made many years ago by Dr. A. J. Carlson of the Hull Physiological Laboratory of the University of Chicago:

> Speaking as a physiologist interested in public health, I should say that the question is not how much of the poison may be ingested without producing acute or obvious chronic symptoms, *but how completely can man be safeguarded against even traces of the poison. There is no question in my mind that even in less than the so-called toxic doses lead and arsenic have deleterious effects on cell protoplasm, effects that are expressed in lowered resistance to disease, lessened efficiency, and shortened life.* [Italics ours.]

# Mexico's New Finger-President

By ABRAHAM HARRIS

*Mexico City, September 20*

THEY have down here what the Mexican wits call *generales de dedos,* or finger-generals, that is, warriors upon whom the accolade of rank is conferred by the simple process involved in pointing a finger at one of these sons of Mars and saying, "You are a general!" The new executive of Mexico, General Abelardo L. Rodriguez, is a finger-president. Plutarco Elias Calles, the Cato-Lenin-Trotzky-Stalin pro-tem of the revolution, leveled his finger at Rodriguez and informed him: "You are a president!" And it came to pass. So was written another chapter in the annals of the Mexican merry-go-round of presidents, sixteen of whom—constitutional, provisional, and ad interim—have passed in and out of the portals of the Palacio Nacional since 1911. The exit of Pascual Ortiz Rubio and the advent of Rodriguez inspired no more than languid interest in the country, outside of political circles. The people were not consulted about the change and declined to concern themselves with it to the distraction of their attention from their other and more personal troubles—which is not to be wondered at, since most of them hold the shrewd conviction that the fattening of the rota of ex-presidents merely involved redressing the political shop window without improving the quality of the goods on the shelves inside.

If the retirement of Ortiz Rubio has any important significance worthy of investigation or analysis, it lies in the demonstration it afforded that Calles is still the Díaz of the revolution, with respect to his absolute control of the federal government and of the political situation. He is omnipotent in making and unmaking presidents and in imposing his will on even inconsequential events and details of federal and state administration. This fact must be recognized, and also that government in Mexico is a highly and directly personal matter, wholly devoid of any popular vigor, inspiration, or direction; and that effective suffrage now is as much a mock as it was under Díaz, and as dead as the three presidents—Madero, Carranza, and Obregón—who were assassinated after winning office by the vote of the people. Calles, sitting beneath a mango tree in the garden of his country place in Cuernavaca—one of the ten or a dozen properties which his patriotic sacrifices have netted him—negligently thumbed Ortiz Rubio out of one door and beckoned Rodriguez in through another. As simple as that.

There was nothing repellently brutal in the elimination of the bovine and perpetually mazed Ortiz Rubio. It was accomplished very gently and courteously. Ortiz Rubio went willingly. He was fed up with more than two years of being a president *de jure,* while Calles was president *de facto.* During his incumbency Ortiz Rubio, as one observer expressed it, went about mooing amiably, laying cornerstones, opening bazaars, making speeches Coolidgely—an agreeable, decorative, dignified, totally arid figure, politically and administratively as flat as an unsalted egg. Calles ran the government. Every key man in every department as well as in the army was a Calles choice. The few unimportant jobs that Ortiz Rubio was permitted to fill were rarely held long by his appointees. The Calles crowd made things so uncomfortable for them that they were glad to get out. Even the President's private secretary incurred the wrath of Calles, who compelled Ortiz Rubio to drop him.

Despite his weakness and ineffectiveness, Ortiz Rubio possessed a cultural and family background, traditions of birth and *noblesse oblige,* moral and intellectual values, far superior to the uncouth and unconscionable rabble that surrounded, dominated, and ignored him. He was a gentleman—far too much a gentleman for the task of being President of Mexico—and was possessed of a gentleman's proper sense of pride and self-respect. These would no longer permit him to remain in the ignominious position to which he was degraded by Calles's arrogant overlording, to the widespread knowledge and amused contempt of the country. So he got out. The final straw came in the snub which was publicly inflicted upon him a dozen days before he quit, by Calles's new hand-picked Chamber of Deputies. Following their installation, the deputies—who owed their offices to Calles's nod—paid courtesy calls. First, they waited upon their

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creator, Calles; then upon the president of Calles's private political party, the instrument of their creation—the National Revolutionist Party, as it is dubbed; and finally upon the President of the Republic. Ortiz Rubio could not quite stick that, so he notified Calles that he was through.

What followed constituted one of those deliciously solemn comedies that delight observers of Mexican politics. Everything was done quite legally, of course, in strict adherence to the slavish worship of form upon which Mexicans insist, even in their murders. Two days before the new Congress met on Thursday, September 1, an official statement came from Chapultepec that all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, the President had not resigned and was not thinking of it even. On the first Ortiz Rubio opened the Congress, every member of which, before the elections in July, had had his back officially chalked by Calles's private party—without it the candidate either could not run or if he tried to, none of the few votes he might glean would be counted. In his speech to the Congress Ortiz Rubio gave no hint of his intention to abdicate, although every deputy and senator knew that he would do so the next day and was wondering who would take his place. Late the following night his resignation went in. Ill health, he pleaded, was the reason. The lack of coordination in the President's secretariat conspicuously betrayed itself, for in an interview printed the next day his chief-of-staff descanted upon the excellence of the President's health.

On Saturday the president of Calles's private party got up before the Congress, gathered in informal session, and made a speech. He had called them together, he said, "in these solemn historical moments," to ask them what they thought they should do about naming a successor to Ortiz Rubio. They had already had their minds made up for them by one Plutarco Elias Calles, and they needed no reminder that they had better keep them made up unless they wanted to be thrown out of the Congress and the National Revolutionist Party. Three candidates, the party president carefully explained, had been suggested, any one of whom was satisfactory to the party. He would mention them, to gain the sentiments of the body.

"Alberto J. Pani!" Silence.

"General Joaquin Amaro!" Silence.

"General Abelardo L. Rodriguez!" Prolonged and deafening cheers.

"The voice of the people has spoken," declared the party president. If one chooses to look at it that way, it continued to speak on the following day, Sunday, when the Congress voted in Rodriguez as president. While all this was going on, Cato Calles remained in seclusion at his *quinta* in Cuernavaca, sixty miles away. As soon as he had taken the oath of office, President Rodriguez sought him out there and did homage to the architect of his political fortunes. In the meantime, Ortiz Rubio, a free and happy man, was speeding toward the frontier aboard the magnificent presidential train in which Calles invested $500,000 of the republic's cash when he was president, as an exemplification of the simple tastes of a humble man of the soil, exalted by the proletariat to the first office of the land. When he had finished with his new president, Calles gave an audience to newspapermen, to whom he briefly expressed his opinion that the change of presidents and the peaceful manner of its accomplishment impressively demonstrated that the revolution had finally brought Mexico to full practice of civil and democratic procedures in the selection of its executives. Then he descanted engagingly for an hour upon arboriculture, and expressed his firm conviction that more trees should be planted in Mexico.

Besides being a finger-president, Rodriguez is also a finger-general. He never did much fighting, which possibly may be counted to his credit. He is an agreeable personality, with only such qualities and equipment for his job as render him acceptable to Calles. He speaks English well. He will take orders from Calles and from no one else. Calles's ability to put him in the Palacio Nacional represses, for the time being, the presidential ambitions of various other gentlemen who hate Calles but who lack the fortitude and following to challenge his rule—for the present. So they are biding their opportunity, to the accompaniment of teeth-gnashing and curses both loud and deep. Rodriguez's chief claim to solid accomplishment rests upon his having placed the territory of Lower California on a self-supporting basis temporarily, while he was governor. He did this through the revenue accruing from the gambling hells at Agua Caliente and Tia Juana, which he fostered and protected.

The shift in the presidency manifestly is not unconnected with the political maneuvering preliminary to the next presidential election, which is due in 1934. It will tighten up a few nuts in the Calles machine and increase Calles's power not only to hold what he has in the way of control, but also to have, year after next, the final word in the choice of the candidate. Any president, of course, while Calles rules, will be the figurehead that Rubio was and Rodriguez is. It is all merely a demonstration of "the old army game" as it is worked and always has been worked in Mexico.

The army, by the way, is restless, *disgustado* with Calles and his crowd, but currently impotent because of lack of an outstanding leader and of a majority, or even an effective minority, solidly in opposition to the status quo. Conservatives in the United States and in Mexico as well may be expected to shiver appropriately at the belief which obtains here that Calles's candidate for the presidency will be the present governor of the state of Vera Cruz, Colonel Adalberto Tejeda. In official word and act Tejeda appears to be so red that those crimson cravats formerly affected by Senator James Hamilton Lewis pale by comparison. But he is a close and excellent friend of Calles, who always has supported and is now supporting him in his extreme radicalism. That is indisputably true, for without Calles's backing Tejeda would be unable to flourish for a day.

# Midas Touch

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

There was a golden gossip in the world
Of trees, a Midas touched each leaf to metal,
Looked with eyes of enchantment on clustered petal
And frond, his smile on the grass and goldenrod curled.

Yet soft-stepping night brought a rumor of death,
And acrid poplars against the wind foretold,
Chattering low, the striking down of gold,
Of Midas moaning despair and gasping for breath.

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# Massachusetts Drifts to Hoover

By JAMES H. POWERS

*Boston, October 3*

MASSACHUSETTS, which shared with "Little Rhody" the distinction of going Democratic with Smith in the Republican Presidential year of 1928, has apparently made up her mind to reverse the process by going Republican with Hoover in the Democratic year of 1932. This astonishing preference for being out in the cold, nationally speaking, is probably due, in part, to an ingrained dislike of "kneelin' with the rest." It is likewise certain that the numerous independent voters take no little delight in upsetting the party apple-carts nicely arranged for the electorate by the machine regulars. But the real reason for Mr. Hoover's cheerful prospects in the Bay State is something quite other. It is not any noticeable affection for him on the part of the voters in either party: he is suspected by the drys, denounced by the wets, privately anathematized by the financial and business communities, and despised by the orthodox sages as an inept political blunderer.

Mr. Hoover's margin in Massachusetts, five weeks prior to the election, is attributable mostly to hate. It depends upon several factors, outstanding among them being the determination of a powerful bloc of Democratic voters to plump for Mr. Hoover or for Norman Thomas, in honor of Al Smith. This may seem fantastic, but politics in Massachusetts this year can be described by no other word. The switching of any important bloc of normally regular Democratic votes is bound to affect Roosevelt's chances adversely. A moment's attention to figures emphasizes this: Alfred E. Smith carried the State in 1928 by a plurality of only 17,192 out of a total vote exceeding 1,577,000. Again, in 1930, Joseph B. Ely, Democratic candidate for governor, defeated his Republican opponent by only 16,664. The total vote of the "left parties"—Socialist, Socialist-Labor, and Communist—exceeded both those margins by upwards of 12,000 votes. So it is evident that a shift of a few thousand will settle the question of Massachusetts.

That shift is almost certain, for the Democrats this year are split three ways. One large faction hates all persons associated with the thwarting of Smith in 1924, 1928, and, last but not least, at Chicago in 1932. It hates Mr. McAdoo especially. A second group feels toward Roosevelt as much animosity, and for the same reasons, but its members will not vote for Hoover. Their fury is not so headlong as to make them forget the Willebrandt-Hoovercrat episodes of 1928. They propose to get even with Mr. Roosevelt, and the party, by voting for Norman Thomas. As a consequence Mr. Thomas will probably be surprised at the size of the vote he obtains in Massachusetts in November. The meager 6,300 votes given him in 1928 are due to multiply like the loaves and fishes of Scriptural memory. It is well to notice here, also, that Mr. Thomas has attracted attention among the bemused independent voters of the Bay State this year. His rallies and his radio talks have won him many supporters.

The Democratic regulars, led by Senator David I. Walsh, are of course officially on the Roosevelt band-wagon. But astute Senator Walsh is spending most of his time at the New York national headquarters; and the hearts of his faithful lieutenants are not aboard the band-wagon with their owners. The regulars find James M. Curley, Mayor of Boston, sitting pridefully beside them; and they loathe Mr. Curley with a depth of passion truly magnificent. The original Roosevelt booster in the State, Mr. Curley ran his hero in the Presidential primaries, against the wishes of the regulars. Mr. Roosevelt received a bad drubbing but the uneasy regulars are "going along with the national ticket" so as to be able to apply the brakes to Curley if Roosevelt wins.

It is evident that with these divisions in the Democratic fold, and a party machine regular only under duress, Mr. Hoover has pleasant opportunities in Massachusetts. There are, however, three threats visible at the moment to the margin he enjoys. The first of these is from the independent voters, who will reflect the political effects of the economic depression. A second threat is, of course, the beguiling rumble of the Roosevelt band-wagon. It has been echoing in Massachusetts ears ever since the Maine elections. The third danger to Mr. Hoover's prospects is, strangely enough, the Republican candidate for governor this year, William S. Youngman, who opposes Governor Ely's reelection.

Mr. Ely is a local hero among Smith factions since the day Al Smith publicly kissed him at Chicago, after Mr. Ely had made a brilliant speech nominating the erstwhile "happy warrior." Mr. Ely fits well with the independents, is held safe by State Street, and counts enemies only among liberal Democrats, who see no trace of progressiveness in his record. But Mr. Ely does not want the job again. He is running only because Senator Walsh and the party wise men have pointed out to him that the fate of the party locally is in his hands. The defeat of Smith at Chicago left Ely frigid toward Roosevelt; and he has thawed but little since. Nor has he evinced much intention of putting on a real fight.

But Mr. Youngman intends to have a fight or bust. Already he has made a promising beginning in that direction, which suggests that the contest will be featured by mud, bricks, and clubs. To this barrage Mr. Ely shows signs of responding with warmth. Should he be driven to fight, there is no telling what may happen in Massachusetts in November. It is certain that many voters will swarm to the polls to save the "man Smith kissed." It is equally certain that Mr. Youngman, who is called, ominously, "Wild Bill" by the State Street faction, intends to kick clean over his party traces and go for the groundlings and the rabble. He is an outcast among the Brahmans. Mr. William Morgan Butler and his coterie feel that he is "unsafe."

So hymns of hate pervade Massachusetts politics this year all the way from the national tickets down to the local subdivisions of the parties. "If Youngman wins," declared a G. O. P. veteran recently, "it will be due to Democrats who hate Ely; and if Ely wins it will be by the votes of Republicans who hate Youngman." But the chances are that a thumping Ely victory would come near to erasing Mr. Hoover's present margin. And there you are.

Over in Rhode Island things are different. That State

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is far less definitely in the Hoover fold at the moment than Massachusetts. One need travel but a short distance beyond the Bay State borders to discover that the partnership of 1928 which led these two States to cast straight Democratic majorities is badly fractured. The Smith feud is less ominous in Rhode Island for one thing. It is there, but it is more subdued. Both major parties are confronted by an amazing amount of insurgency, which inclines their managements to caution. The voting strength of the French and Polish Catholic population is by no means so much under the sway of Smith fanaticism as that of their Irish coreligionists. Within the G. O. P. this element has just staged a revolt which has alarmed that famous political Mussolini of Rhode Island Republicanism, Boss Frederick S. Peck. A bitter fight within the party between Governor Norman S. Case, who wants three cups of coffee, and Lieutenant-Governor James G. Connolly, who demands a better distribution of the plums of office, has left gaping wounds. In the Democratic ranks a similar insurrection has rapped the knuckles of the controlling group, led by former Senator Gerry.

The depression is going to count heavily in November. Rhode Island's cities are snared in financial difficulties caused by relief work. Providence has demanded a special session of the Assembly to deal with this problem. Woonsocket's relief funds are practically exhausted. Some 25,000 families in the Blackstone valley have applied for aid this autumn. During August the industrial pick-up in textiles, jewelry, and rubber brought some improvement, but not enough to carry the industrial employment level to within 10 per cent of where it was a year ago. The metal trades have slumped 10 per cent below July. Only one industry, silk, has managed to crawl back to the 1931 levels.

Hence there is political insurgency and doubt in Rhode Island. The doubt grows the moment election statistics are examined. During the past five years the Republican margins of safety have dwindled steadily. Smith carried the State by 1,400 in 1928, while the G. O. P. State ticket went in with a margin of 8,000 votes, and a Republican Senator, Felix Hebert, was seated by 3,000. But in 1930 Peter Gerry, Democrat, lost the Senatorship to Jesse H. Metcalf, Republican, by only 2,600 votes, and the Republican ticket was elected by only 3,500. This year the qualified voters number 306,383, and this is an increase of 36,000 over 1928. Rhode Island has in excess of 30,000 independents. No wonder the incredible Mr. Peck is alarmed. There is today an even tug of war between Mr. Hoover and Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt's side has the more enthusiasm; Mr. Peck has the better machine.

New Hampshire is also infected with political sedition. At any rate it would be difficult to explain by any other means the fact that Senator George H. Moses, of "sons of the wild jackass" fame, finds himself in a sorry predicament. There has been an extraordinary increase in the Democratic registration—three times as large a Democratic vote was cast in this year's primaries as in 1930. While the optimistic Democrats were nominating former Governor Fred H. Brown to oppose Mr. Moses in the Senate race, Mr. Moses was dismayed to find that his nominating vote fell 10,000 behind the G. O. P. ticket. Brown has the indorsement of the powerful National Railway Labor Executive, and this counts in New Hampshire, where thousands of families depend upon railroading for a living.

The New Hampshire Republicans admit that it will be a tussle to land the State on the Hoover side this fall. Under the guidance of Governor Winant and Mr. Moses, they are putting on a really desperate fight. But once again, the depression dogs the faithful. The mill towns are restive, in spite of recent improvement in the textile industry. A very definite desire for change is in evidence, and Mr. Roosevelt is benefiting by it with equal definiteness. As in Rhode Island, the French population refuses to be excited about Al Smith and displays something horribly like a grouch toward the G. O. P. Mr. Moses will be an exceedingly lucky man if he saves his hide. And his prospects are not improved by the fact that while Governor Winant and Senator Moses are outwardly in harmony in the campaign, actually they are bent upon mutual slaughter. Each hopes to kill off the other, whom he views as a threat to his own political future. The results of this are beginning to emerge. On September 28 the Concord *Monitor,* a Republican paper edited by a personal friend of the Governor, contained a sensational editorial attack upon Moses, in which it was suggested that the "threatened eclipse of Moses may not only submerge the Senator." Governor Winant's friends are fearful "lest it submerge Hoover, Winant, Tobey, and Straw," that is, the State ticket. The editorial went on to point out what Senator Moses might do to redeem himself, but implied that it was probably too late. This editorial has led Moses to issue a statement saying that "if our fool friends will let us alone we'll get along all right."

It is preposterous to imagine that Vermont will land in the Democratic national fold this November; but stranger miracles have occurred, and if the zest of the Democrats is any guide, the miracle is possible. Maine has had a tremendous effect on voters in Vermont. It has scared the Republicans, and has led the Democrats to believe that for the first time in years they actually have a chance. Hitherto the business of putting up a Democratic ticket in Vermont has been purely perfunctory. The Republicans needed something to knock down, and the Democrats were obliging. Now, a prominent Green Mountain Democratic war horse is trumpeting a reminder to the faithful that in 1800 Vermont was the only New England State to vote for Jefferson. That is going back quite a way, of course, but it reveals the temper of the Rooseveltians at the moment. Mr. Roosevelt's visit has acted like a tonic to drooping hopes. It has sown new organization centers all over the State. The battle, as James P. Leamy, Democratic gubernatorial aspirant, admits, is an uphill one, but the interesting and unusual fact is that there is actually a real battle in progress. This situation troubles Vermont Republicans vastly. Another source of dismay to the Green Mountain G. O. P. is the discovery that political treason is in their midst. The Ludlow *Vermont Tribune,* home-town paper in that community which gave John Garibaldi Sargent to the Coolidge Cabinet, has actually had the audacity to print in full the platform on which Norman Thomas is running, with the suggestion to readers that here they might find some ideas similar to their own! This was surely bad enough. But the paper went on to remark that the Democratic and Republican platforms should also be studied, because it would be found that they were essentially similar on most points, and it intimated that both were rather heavily laden with boloney. No wonder an oppressive and chilly silence hangs over Plymouth Notch.

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# Roosevelt Woos the Progressives

## *Insurgency Goes Democratic*

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

*Washington, October 1*

SINCE the election of Roosevelt has come to be almost a foregone conclusion, the most heartening aspect of the situation, it seems to me, is his demonstrated eagerness to associate himself openly with Progressives of such unquestionable sincerity as Senators Norris, Johnson, and Cutting, Donald Richberg, Basil Manly, and Frank P. Walsh. After nearly four years of breathing the noxious political air created by the presence of such characters as Claudius Huston, Pat Hurley, Bob Lucas, Artie Hyde, Wee Willie Mitchell, Wilbur, and the incredible Doak, it is pleasant to contemplate the prospect of a man in the White House who may be expected to surround himself with men whose political reputations are at least respectable. Incidentally, one could hardly exaggerate the black pessimism which has engulfed Hoover's supporters. That poor man may think he still stands a chance of being reelected, but I question whether any of his managers do. The defeatist attitude has spread to every quarter of the Administration, and most of its members are resigned to seeing the country go to hell in a hack. Mills, Hurley, and Jahncke continue their frantic tub-thumping, but the performance is not convincing. In several large States the Republican candidates for State offices and for Congress are pointedly omitting any mention of the Presidential ticket in their campaign speeches. It is a case of every man for himself and the devil take Hoover.

* * * * *

THE National Committee's difficulty in finding satisfactory campaigners is beautifully illustrated by its action in dragging poor old Harry New—that ancient relic of the Harding regime—from his well-deserved obscurity, to campaign for the Hoover-Curtis ticket. I am not implying that old Harry is unworthy of the task, seeing that he was good enough to sit alongside Curtis in the Senate and Hoover in the Harding Cabinet. But in view of his record and his fairly recent involvement in the post-office lease scandal, his appearance as a major actor in the campaign is an eloquent example of the extremities to which the party managers have been reduced. Equally eloquent are the anxious efforts of Mark Sullivan, the Hoover Boswell, to frighten wealthy persons into making generous campaign contributions. Day after day in his syndicated political articles the dutiful Mark parades the frightful specter of a national Administration dominated by Huey Long, Burt Wheeler, and Mrs. Hattie Caraway. He does not see how bolshevism can be avoided if those two millionaires, Franklin Roosevelt and John Garner, are elected. I am not so well acquainted with Governor Roosevelt, but the idea of Banker Garner doing anything to destroy property values is irresistibly droll. When Calvin Coolidge marches down the street carrying a red flag I shall expect to see John in the procession, but not earlier.

FROM the liberal's standpoint Roosevelt's campaign addresses leave much to be desired, but the opposition has achieved new depths of political dishonesty. What, for example, could be more shameless than President Hoover's effort to take credit for the Wagner-Garner relief bill? Surely everyone knows that for two years he fought bitterly against all measures of that character, and that the Wagner-Garner act was literally forced down his throat by an aroused Congress. Even now the relief and public-works provisions are being executed in such a niggardly and grudging manner that they are likely to be of little help during the winter. Again, in my beloved St. Louis, we have Ogden Mills exclaiming: "What would Jefferson and Jackson have thought of putting the federal government into the banking business?" As if the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, sired and sponsored by Hoover and Mills, were not the most gigantic government banking business in the history of the nation! But indignation is a sign of weakness. For the comic motif let us turn to that gem of rhetoric with which our old friend "Poison Gas" Hurley, in one of his recent campaign orations, edified the gaping natives of Johnson City, Tennessee. Thus:

> I am delighted to visit your beautiful city where the traditional charm and romance of Dixie blend so perfectly with the energy and enterprise of the old pioneer spirit. Out of this fusion of social chivalry and individual courage were born and bred the most noble concepts of government and society. On the old frontier men moved as individuals. Behind them, they left their past.

The voice is the voice of Pat, but the hand is the hand of Captain Abe Ginsburg, United States Army. Pat may have interpolated the line about the pioneers leaving their pasts behind them, but in the blending of social chivalry and frontier courage the Ginsburg touch is unmistakable. What a loss oratory would have suffered if Pat had obeyed his first angry impulse to cashier the Captain when their literary relationship was disclosed!

* * * * *

PROGRESSIVES are pretty blue over the defeat of Governor Phil La Follette and Senator Blaine in the Wisconsin primary, although they recognize the causes. Foremost among the latter was the fact that thousands of liberal Democrats who had habitually entered Republican primaries to vote for La Follette tickets saw a chance this year to elect their own candidates, and voted in the Democratic primary. Second was a blind impulse, already evident elsewhere, to turn out the "ins." Third was an amazing campaign of terrorism waged by the vested interests of the State, assisted by a large section of the press. Over and over the voters were told that unless the La Follettes were turned out, the large industries of the State would desert it to escape "unjust" taxation, thus adding to unemployment. The Milwaukee *Sentinel* unblushingly declared that the

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issue was: "Work with Kohler or Starve with La Follette." Although it was known that Governor La Follette faced a hard fight, the defeat of Blaine by John B. Chapple, a sophomoric demagogue celebrated for the exceptional number and quality of his asininities, was astonishing. If he wins in the general election we may long for the return of Tom Heflin. Several months ago Chapple came to Washington, went to the White House, and took his place in a line of tourists waiting to shake hands with the President. Emerging, he announced his candidacy for the Senate, and told reporters that he had "presented his plan" to Mr. Hoover. A disturbed Presidential secretary later disclosed that Chapple had grabbed Mr. Hoover with one hand and with the other had dropped three typewritten sheets on the President's desk as he passed by. The Administration was disposed to exult over the Kohler victory, and Ogden Mills prematurely pronounced it "a refreshing event" before someone recalled the statement made by Kohler upon the occasion of his defeat by La Follette in 1930. Kohler said: "I lost because Herbert Hoover was too heavy a load for any man to carry." The cheering stopped instantly. No informed observer doubts that La Follette will make a comeback, but Blaine must wait six years. In the United States Senate he has been an independent, fearless, and industrious legislator.

* * * * *

A DEFEAT which I can contemplate with great composure was that of Representative Charles Crisp, candidate for the Democratic Senatorial nomination in Georgia. During his advocacy of the sales tax during the last session, Mr. Crisp frequently was moved almost to tears by the spectacle of his own patriotism, and he beat his breast until it resounded like a kettle-drum. However, it did not prevent him from participating in the scurvy trick whereby the conferees shifted the 3 per cent electricity tax from the power companies—where the Senate had imposed it—to the consumers. Nor did it permit him to perceive any impropriety in admitting two private tax attorneys to the secret sessions of the Ways and Means Committee while the tax bill was being drafted. One of the provisions which these men assisted in writing was that governing the revaluation of estates—although both were members of law firms which at that moment represented large estates which would be affected by the provision. For these and other signal services Crisp has now been rewarded by President Hoover with appointment to the Tariff Commission. Considering the composition of the commission during the Coolidge and Hoover administrations, the appointment seems appropriate enough, but it will be interesting to watch the Senate when Breast-beating Charlie's name is submitted for confirmation. In conclusion, permit me to note that the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, Joe Dixon, has got himself into a lather of indignation over Governor Roosevelt's offense in "putting himself before the people in the clothing of the great President" (T. R.). I suppose it would have been more sporting if the Governor had grown a beard and run for President under the name of Joe Goose, but there seems no good reason why he should not continue to use his own name. I am more interested in the fact that Dixon franked out his denunciation in envelopes of the Interior Department, marked "official business."

# In the Driftway

THE Woolworth tower in New York City is one of the shrines of America. As a skyscraper it has been surpassed. As a symbol it remains unsuperseded—for there is certainly no more typical manifestation of American mass production that F. W. Woolworth's 5 and 10 Cent Store. It is, for one thing, indispensable as a safety valve for a people whose desire to buy is overstimulated by national advertising only to be thwarted by the lack of money. But aside from the fact that it provides useful or amusing or popular merchandise at convenient prices, it provides in its own way hyacinths to feed the soul—and if the hyacinths are artificial (except at special spring sales), they will last longer anyway. There is hardly an American alive above the age of six who has not experienced the sense of power obtainable in any ten-cent store. Millions know the thrill of driving a more or less powerful car at a speed no king of old could command, but the cheapest of second-hand cars costs more than a dollar, or ten times the mere thin dime with which the lowliest citizen can walk with confidence among the glittering counters of Mr. Woolworth.

* * * * *

WHEN Henry Ford discarded Model T and introduced a civilized Model A at a startlingly low price, it was said, more in earnest than in jest, that he had set back the revolution twenty-five years. It is possible that Woolworth's may prevent it altogether. Have the Communists reckoned on this foe? Within the garishly painted "cells" of the Woolworth counter-revolution—and they honeycomb the country—the economic under-dog is not only able to feel superior in the knowledge that he can carry off anything in the place for ten cents; he is able to buy, in minute quantities, the very products, exclusive and expensive, which are patronized by the rich. Has Paris perfected a new and dazzling lipstick? The anemic girl-child who leans all day over a factory sewing-machine for $10 a week can buy at Woolworth's Paris lips as erotic and alluring as any debutante's—and she would rather be a debutante than a revolutionist. Is there a new and dashing cocktail glass in the best shops? Woolworth's will have it next week, in a cheaper but just as dashing edition. And so it goes with soap and the classics, with leather goods and lace.

* * * * *

THE Drifter notes that Woolworth's profits have not decreased since the depression began. They have, if he remembers correctly, grown even larger. It could hardly be otherwise, when one considers the great increase in economic under-dogs since 1929. But the Drifter is very doubtful of the wisdom of the new Woolworth policy, which was probably inspired by overconfidence. He means the increase of the top price to twenty cents. That historic sign, "Nothing in this store over ten cents," has been hauled down, and while the Drifter is amused to see evergreen shrubs for sale at twenty cents that are just as perky but not so large as the two-dollar ones down the street, he wonders if the revolution is not advanced by just that difference between ten and twenty cents.

THE DRIFTER

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# Correspondence

## Sumner's "Forgotten Man"

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: If Secretary Mills, in his Portland speech, had used Bryan and his Cross of Gold in defending Wall Street, the whole country would have roared. But that would not have been more ludicrous than his use of Sumner and his "forgotten man" to support the Smoot-Hawley tariff. No wonder Maine went Democratic!

For nearly forty years William Graham Sumner was an outstanding champion of free trade. The first essay in the volume from which Secretary Mills quotes—"The Forgotten Man and Other Essays"—is entitled Protectionism—the Ism Which Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth. In this essay, from which Mr. Mills tears from the context *his* forgotten man, Sumner's forgotten man is portrayed as the man who pays for all "the jobbery."

> The biggest job of all is a protective tariff. This device consists in delivering every man over to be plundered by his neighbor and in teaching him to believe that it is a good thing for him and the rest of the country because he may take his turn at plundering the rest.

Aside from being the occasion for vigorous protest against such a misrepresentation of one of our great thinkers and teachers, Mr. Mills's speech at Portland belongs to the "boners" of political discussion. Our laughter leaves us so generous that we award to the Secretary of the Treasury the cap and bells without which no court jester should appear in public.

*New York, September 17* Allen McCurdy

## Prosperity Is Still Around the Corner

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: For the past few years there has been waged in the United States a war of extermination between competitors. The destruction of vested capital already exceeds the cost of the World War and has brought far greater misery to our people. Those who have directed these destructive conflicts have used other people's money for ammunition. Many competitors have been ruined; in many instances those owning stock in the surviving concerns have been deprived of dividends; and many hundreds of thousands have been obliged to sell their holdings at a terrible loss, while some on the inside sold against the box or went short in the market and added to their wealth.

If a curb had been put upon such racketeers through governmental authority, we should not have run past every corner leading to a return of prosperity. If those who control our essential industries are to be permitted to continue their mad price wars, and to cut wages in order to carry on those price wars, then the Reconstruction Finance Corporation should use its remaining resources to build lunatic asylums.

Workers on our farms, in our mines, and in our factories are the real creators of wealth, and unless they are employed and adequately compensated, the buying power of all others will not be sufficient to restore even moderate prosperity. Money gained by a small minority through injustice and ruthless destruction of other people's capital or their means of earning a livelihood may become as insecure as a cargo of gold on a ship about to founder at sea.

Another year of destructive competition would bring further loss of vested capital, increase unemployment, and lower wages, and would be followed by serious social disturbances and even greater disasters. The American people hold the balance of power. They must select and support patriotic and competent leaders who place the welfare of their country and its people above personal gain.

*New York, September 27* Rudolph Spreckels

## Contributors to This Issue

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# Books, Drama, Films

## "One Liberation"

*Russia: A Social History.* By D. S. Mirsky. Edited by C. G. Seligman. The Century Company. $6.

THIS volume, written for the Cresset Historical Series, presents the full sweep of Russia's social and cultural development up to the collapse of the Romanov dynasty in the spring of 1917. The book is scholarly, authoritative, and in perfect keeping with what we have learned to expect from its eminent author. Still, it is not without defects, the most serious being "the absence of a single point of view"—a shortcoming which the author attributes to a gradual "adjustment" in his conception of history, "which, at first imperceptible to himself, only crystallized after the book was completed." After partly disavowing his own creation, the author suggests that if he were to rewrite the book now, he would consistently emphasize economic facts "as the one and only photophenomenon of all historical reality," that is, he would write in conformity with the principles of historical materialism, or Marxism. A momentous statement this, particularly when examined in the light of Mr. Mirsky's social and intellectual Odyssey.

Born into an ancient aristocratic family, Prince Mirsky, the son of a famous minister in the Czar's government, was from his earliest youth affected by the idealistic, mystical, and religious trends of his time. Old Russian society was crumbling. Revolution was approaching. But the ideologists, artists, and thinkers of the upper classes refused to look reality straight in the face, preferring to interpret the ominous portents in terms of religious revival and mystical upheaval. Pale-faced poets and long-haired priests shambled from one literary soiree to another, shivering, trembling, whispering of their apocalyptic visions, spreading strange rumors about the impending second coming of Christ or the descent of the "Beautiful Lady," awing people with prophecies of a "new revelation" and promises of a "third hypostasis." Young Prince Mirsky was the typical product of his time and class. He too trembled and shivered, and swore by what was not.

When the revolution came, he, together with most of old Russia's gilded youth, went, rifle in hand, to fight the hordes of the Beast, the forces of Antichrist. Later, when the white armies were decimated, he fled to Europe, where he rapidly achieved fame as scholar, writer, and critic of Russian literature. While teaching in one of the great English universities, he rose to a leading position among the cultured whites, and became a prominent exponent of Eurasianism.

Now the Eurasian philosophy was for a time exceedingly popular among the émigré intellectuals, who, deprived of their wealth and power and torn from their native soil, were obsessed by a morbid sense of not belonging anywhere, by a feeling that they were social outcasts "much inferior to the happy bourgeoisie in the Western world and the victorious workers and peasants in their own country." The philosophy which they evolved was something of a defense mechanism, a glorification of themselves through a glorification of their country, through an assertion of the uniqueness of Russia, its people, its history, its destiny. Geographically, historically, culturally, and in every other way, they maintained, Russia was an unprecedented combination of European and Asian elements. Neither Europe nor Asia, Russia, in the final analysis, was both—Russia was Eur-Asia. The Bolshevist emphasis on atheism, rationalism, materialism, and class antagonism represented a temporary ascendancy of European over Asian tendencies in Russia's civilization. But periodic oscillations between East and West notwithstanding, Russia's spirit was ever struggling toward a final synthesis of the European and Asian elements, toward an ideal Eurasia, toward a culture which was destined to combine and transcend the cultures of both Orient and Occident. Eurasianism also included opposition to foreign capitalism and exaltation of Russia's national religion, that is, the Greek Catholic church.

In view of this background, the Preface (August, 1930) to the present volume, expressing the author's deliberate tribute to the philosophy of "historical materialism" and "Marxist historiography," becomes, as I have already pointed out, tremendously significant. For this is no minor ideological shift, no slight ideological "adjustment"; it is an intellectual *volte-face*—an idealist turned materialist, a Eurasian turned Marxist. The author's casual remark in the Preface that the "adjustment" occurred "in the course" and "under the direct action of" writing the present history gives no clue as to the cause. This is found in a recent article written by Prince Mirsky for a French publication and reprinted in the Moscow *Literary Gazette* (February 29, 1932) under the title of A Story of One Liberation.

The Prince's spiritual unfolding was slow and painful, induced by a variety of subjective and objective causes and flowing from an emotional conflict inherent in his nationalist philosophy. As a fervid nationalist, as a Eurasian, Prince Mirsky could not help feeling secretly grateful to the detested Bolsheviks for saving Russia from becoming a colony of imperialist Europe. As a Russian patriot, again, he could not help taking a certain furtive pride in the economic, political, and cultural achievements of the Soviet Union, which to him was, after all, Russia. True, at first his eyes were open only to those elements in Soviet culture which were more or less in line with tradition and which to him were the expression of the old Russia, the real Russia, of Russia one, eternal, indivisible. Gradually, however, the whole vista of the new Soviet culture began to unroll before him—the cinema, the theater, the young proletarian literature—and imperceptibly to himself his attitude began to undergo a change. Fadiev's "remarkable" novel "Nineteen," in which Mirsky found a "masterly analysis of the Communist psychology and ethic," made an "indelible impression" on him and together with Gorki's later writings was an important factor in his "reeducation." Also, intimate glimpses of European capitalism, particularly of the "beastly physiognomy of the embattled British bourgeoisie," made him realize that "the bourgeoisie is as much my enemy as it is the enemy of the working class."

It was at this time that Mirsky plunged into writing the book now under review. In the course of his research he had occasion to dip into the monumental historical works of the veteran Communist Pokrovsky, and discovered that through the method of dialectical materialism "history may become a genuine science capable not only of recreating and depicting historical events, but also of adequately explaining them."

Still, despite his growing regard for the Soviet Union, his intensified contempt for the Western bourgeoisie, and his unqualified acceptance of Pokrovsky's historical method, Mirsky was not yet a convinced Marxist. Hence, the book, which was completed in 1929, bears distinct traces of the Eurasian as well as of the Marxian viewpoint—an eclecticism which the author in his 1930 Preface himself acknowledges and deplores.

The final stage in Prince Mirsky's intellectual "liberation" occurred after he had been commissioned by an English publisher to write a biography of Lenin. While, strictly speaking, this phase of the story belongs to a period subsequent to that in which the present book was written, I feel that a knowledge of it is essential to a correct evaluation not only of the present book but of all the past and future works by the same author. Furthermore, in the complete story of Prince Mirsky's search for the truth, the reader may perhaps discern an answer to

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some of the perplexing problems now confronting the socially conscious intelligentsia in our own country.

To resume, then: Prince Mirsky received the commission to write Lenin's life just at the time when the world witnessed two unprecedented phenomena—the obvious collapse of America's vaunted prosperity followed by the crisis of capitalism throughout the world, and the apparently successful launching of the Five-Year Plan and the collectivization campaign in the Union of the Socialist Soviet Republics. The prestige of the Bolsheviks was rising. The middle-class intellectuals in the capitalist countries, people who had heretofore looked disdainfully or at best patronizingly at the Soviet experiment, now suddenly burst out into paeans of praise for the Soviet leaders and their achievements. This was the atmosphere in which Mirsky, whose knowledge of Marxism had been based on "hearsay and intuition," began to study Lenin and Leninism. He read every word written by or about Lenin, absorbing to the utmost the spirit, ideas, and personality of the Bolshevik leader. The months he spent with Lenin, Prince Mirsky tells us, were the most portentous and fruitful in his life. Communion with Lenin brought to an end his "intellectual adolescence," gave him an "intense feeling of reality" and "extraordinary clarity of thought," and definitely exploded "the fantastic systems and subjective fictions inherited from an unknown mythological and metaphysical past." A knowledge of Lenin revealed to him "a world whose vast, rich, complex, multi-colored, and dynamic character could be comprehended only by one possessed of a free and active intellect," by one who approached reality "not as a dispassionate and indifferent observer, but as a man of action who strives to understand reality in order to subdue and change it." This, to Prince Mirsky, was freedom, freedom from musty ideas, obscurantism, mysticism, freedom from arbitrary metaphysical structures, freedom to embrace life, real, pungent, throbbing. "There is sunshine in my house," concludes *Comrade* Mirsky wistfully, "and it is good to work."

JOSHUA KUNITZ

# Mr. Waugh's Humor

*Black Mischief.* By Evelyn Waugh. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

LIKE "Hindoo Holiday," published a few months ago with considerable success, "Black Mischief" is a study of some of the more droll results of European imperialism. "Hindoo Holiday" revolved around the activities of an engaging, homosexual Indian ruler, and the humor had its source in his misuse of the English language and in his baffled attempts to understand European history and customs. The appeal of "Black Mischief" is on a somewhat higher level, for Waugh has more respect for factual reality, and his sense of humor is a little grim: there are various picturesque assassinations in the course of the story, and the climax comes when the hero sits in on a cannibal feast and eats his sweetheart. The central figure of "Black Mischief" is Seth, a Negro educated at Oxford and determined to bring progress to his native state of Azania whether his subjects want it or not. He is aided by an up-to-date soldier of fortune named Basil Seal, who tries to put through a One-Year Plan of modernization and improvement. And instead of pederasty and mispronunciation, which created the funny scenes in "Hindoo Holiday," the humor revolves around revolutions, diplomatic intrigues and stupidity, birth control, graft, and the befuddlement of two dreary representatives of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

But the details of these novels are less interesting than the point of view they represent. Both Waugh and Ackerman write in the tradition which is usually associated with Aldous Huxley and Norman Douglas; both, that is to say, are commonly described in conventional literary terminology as cynical and disillusioned. So it is a little odd to find them writing of colonial disturbances with a whimsicality that is a sort of cross between Gilbert-and-Sullivan and burlesque-show humor, and to find the relationship of the Europeans and the natives presented almost exclusively in terms of the comic situations resulting from it. In both novels there is the sharp collision between what we *know* of the kind of conflicts described, what common sense and experience and history tell us about them, and what the authors would have us believe. Waugh is no apologist for imperialism in the sense that Kipling was a great apologist for it; he is not politically alert in the way that Kipling was, and he is not so conscious of the needs of the dominant class of his time. On the contrary he dislikes imperialism, but not to the point of attacking it; the satire is all directed at trivial subjects, and humor in this case is only an unsatisfactory refuge.

ROBERT CANTWELL

# James in the Theater

*Theatre and Friendship.* Letters from Henry James to Elizabeth Robins. With a Commentary by Elizabeth Robins. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS, anciently an actress and amateur producer, has here gathered together the letters Henry James wrote to her between 1891 and 1911. By a fortunate circumstance they cover the period when James was most interested in the theater; the period, indeed, when he was making his own adventure into the theatrical wilderness. As such they are valuable, for they prove beyond the shadow of a doubt how deeply James was concerned about the drama and the theater. For some reason best known to the commentators themselves, Henry James's theatrical adventure has been looked upon as an astonishing aberration of an otherwise quite calmly calculating mind. But the facts are perfectly plain and easily available to prove that James was interested in the theater from boyhood; in his reminiscences he records his attendance at the theater in New York, and he assiduously followed theatrical matters in Paris and London. When he came to try playwriting, then, he was far from being a parvenu. He knew the theater in three countries and the dramatic literature with considerable exhaustiveness. He was, moreover, by his very disposition, an acute critic of actors and actresses, and had an inexhaustible memory of the very nuances of their performances. Such an equipment is surely rare in aspiring dramatists, and James's failure in the role cannot be attributed to lack of knowledge either of the dramatic form or of theatrical conditions. He set out what he knew in "The Tragic Muse" before he began to work in the theater.

It was Miss Robins's good luck to be the first to present the Ibsen plays in London, having a hand in their translation as well as in their production and acting. James followed her career with that capacity for sympathetic participation which was peculiarly his. It seems that James was as excited about Ibsen as any other devotee of the theater in the nineties. He followed with palpitating interest the new dramas as they unfolded themselves in English under the hands of the translators, and berated the stupidity of the reviewers when they printed their reactions to the first nights. He hovered over Ibsen's dramas with the baffled interest with which he greeted all the artistic reflections of the middle-class spirit. Antipathetic as they were to what he found interesting for his own treatment, he conceded that they did possess the touch that made them art. In no other place than in Miss Robins's book is the ability James possessed imaginatively to explore every major literary

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phenomenon of his time made clearer. But this capacity did not prevent him from finally rejecting, not the art of Ibsen and others, but the "spirit" behind the art. *That* he found unassimilable.

Even though most of the letters printed in this volume are the briefest notes, the true James flavor is in them, and if they hardly do more than add footnotes to Percy Lubbock's superbly edited collection, they are none the less welcome. No true James admirer will pass them up. The commentary Miss Robins has supplied is adequate, but it is made a bit trying to read by the fact that it is written in an awkward imitation of James's inimitable manner. The last few pages of the book are disfigured by the fact that Miss Robins is still fighting the war. Colonel House steps upon the stage briefly in the role of one willing to encourage pro-British propaganda. To be sure Miss Robins was at one with Henry James in being excited about the war and the British cause, but it is hardly in the best of taste to perpetuate the emotions of sixteen years ago in a book of this sort.

C. Hartley Grattan

# Notes on Fiction

*Nymph Errant.* By James Laver. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

In a cerebral, epigrammatic style faintly reminiscent of "Zuleika Dobson," Mr. Laver here recounts the remarkable adventures of a singularly obliging young woman. Fresh from her Lausanne finishing school, Evangeline proceeds to take quite literally the science master's parting advice to the girls never to be afraid to experiment, and during the subsequent year experiments to her heart's content, chiefly in bed, with André at Deauville, Alexei in Paris, Heinz in Germany, Ferdinand in Vienna, and Constantine on his yacht in the Gulf of Smyrna. All of which sounds exciting but is actually quite the opposite, since for all his talk of beds and underclothes the author is really out to play a trick on the erotic reading public, and rarely actually describes anything more titillating than a bath mat or an evening dress. Mr. Laver is assistant in the Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and a little too much of the spirit of craftsmanship pervades his book, at the expense of the breath of life. He does introduce a few delightful characters, as the girl who joins the nudist colony because people are always embarrassing her by staring at her ankles, and there are several drily—and highly—amusing scenes; but there are also many long, boring stretches in which the author's sophisticated heartlessness becomes both strained and dull. A *tour de force* can be sustained at length only by such eminent *touristes de force* as Max Beerbohm and Robert Benchley, and Mr. Laver might better have compressed *Evangeline, who is pretty collapsible anyway, into a short story.*

*The Case Is Altered.* By William Plomer. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

Mr. Plomer's progress has been watched with such strong hopes of his development that one regrets the necessity of pronouncing his first novel a disappointment. He can, when he applies himself, write exceedingly well in a style that is both sinewy and supple, but he is capable also of careless writing that disregards the flow and cadence of good prose. He annoys one gratuitously with such mannerisms as the repetition of the same word in a single sentence and the constant misplacement of the adverb "only." Small faults these may be, yet they mar one's enjoyment like a mote in the eye. Mr. Plomer is a keen observer of human foibles, and he has a flair for the subtleties of speech and action that reveal character. The crux of his story—the murder of an innocent wife by an insanely jealous husband—is approached through a leisurely study of the denizens of a London boarding-house. But the catastrophe is so elaborately forecast by hints and premonitions, and the climactic chapter is so overwritten in the straining for effects of horror, that what should be the strongest part of the tale is the weakest. Mr. Plomer has shown indubitable talent in sketches and short stories, but the novel is as yet a bit beyond his grasp. It is characteristic of the episodic quality of his writing that the character which stands out most memorably in retrospect is a minor one—Miss Frances Haymer, whose role is that of a detached and ironic commentator.

*The Scandal Monger.* By Emile Gauvreau. The Macaulay Company. $2.

It is an open secret that this exposure of "jazz journalism" deals with the rise and methods of a notorious ex-hoofer and scandal-monger who conducts a filth column in one of the New York tabloids. Friends who know assure us that the fictional disguise is, as the author intended, exceedingly thin. The novel succeeds in what it sets out to do. It has a sort of sordid fascination all its own. And it explains better than any doctoral thesis could the reasons for the enormous circulation of tabloid "journalism." Mr. Gauvreau writes with the white heat of the reformer, and he dedicates his novel to a friend with the hope of a "new tradition" in newspaper work. But the author's zeal somehow does not impress us when we learn that after quitting the managing "editorship" of the *Graphic,* he became the "editor" of the *Mirror.* Yes, we know—a man must live.

# Drama

## Mr. Lawson Comes Back

FOR the first time this season Broadway has seen a play about which audiences may disagree with some point and passion. All the previous pieces—the good and bad alike—have been too familiar in their methods and their intentions to stir any serious conflict of opinion, but John Howard Lawson has now supplied the ambitious members of the Group Theater with a sober, intense, and vehement drama which visitors to the Maxine Elliot Theater may like or dislike with some real intensity.

Ever since Mr. Lawson startled and stirred us with his unconventional "Processional" he has been obviously a man to keep one's eye on. But though he has always striven for freshness and originality he has seemed rather to change than to grow, and, indeed, some of the plays which he wrote under *what was fondly supposed to be a Russian influence were so* horribly bad that one was tempted to give him up as another flash in the pan. In the new play he has, however, returned to a conventional and coherent form without losing any of his obvious sincerity, and as a result "Success Story" is, at the very least, something into which one can put one's teeth. Whether it be ranked as a success or a failure, we must follow it with that interest which is almost inevitable when an intelligent man is sincerely determined to say something which he believes to be important.

Superficially Lawson's story is a story of the rise to wealth and power of a ruthless man who climbs over the prostrate bodies of his superiors one after another until he is at the head of a vast and rich corporation engaged in the business of advertising dubious wares on a gigantic scale. But though this story may seem familiar enough, Mr. Lawson has treated it from an original angle. He neither glorifies "success" nor indulges in that now conventional satire on big business and advertis-

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ing. Instead he is concerned with the dark and terrible abysses in the soul of an ambitious man, and he leaves us shuddering at the spectacle of one who can torture himself as well as others because of a lust for power which brings neither joy nor satisfaction to anyone.

Probably Mr. Lawson intended that some social criticism should be the ultimate implication of his drama. His hero is an East Side Jew who begins as a radical but ends as the very type of sterile power, and it is possible that his creator meant the story to suggest how the times can corrupt a will-to-power which might have led to great and useful ends. But the play as it stands is chiefly a study of an individual soul, and its case may be interpreted in more than one way. Perhaps, as the hero himself thinks, the supposed idealism of his first youth was merely the form naturally taken by a lust for power when it develops in one who finds himself at the very bottom; and perhaps, as he also thinks, many radicals are merely men who have disguised their desire to get for themselves what more fortunate people already have. Interpreted in this way, the story is even darker than it would be if the theme were social injustice, and Mr. Lawson seems to have intentionally left the sources of his hero's development ambiguous.

Sol Ginsberg is a man whose pride has been lacerated since infancy. When he finds himself in an office surrounded by people of wealth and breeding who patronize his superior ability merely because they can, his first reaction is one which he interprets as a general resentment against such injustice. But when he realizes how much easier it would be for a man of his ability to trample his superiors down than it would be for him to make any progress toward remedying the central injustice, it is to the former that he devotes himself. Revenge of a purely personal sort becomes his only ambition. He scorns even the limited code of ethics which the established exploiters obey, and ruthlessly rises over them. But the only satisfaction he ever gets is in kicking those who have kicked him. His only real ambition is to prove to himself that he can have everything that anyone else can have, that he can make the head of the firm—who represents power—and the latter's mistress—who represents beauty—truckle to him. But because he does not want anything for itself, because, perhaps, he gave up the only thing he could want for itself when he allowed his passion for justice to transform itself into a passion for personal power, he can get no joy from any of his triumphs. And when he dies, his mind reverts to that symbol of success which had fixed itself upon him when, as a youth, he had attended the funeral of his gangster brother. "Get me a silver coffin with cupids on it. No matter—what—it—costs."

Like all Mr. Lawson's plays "Success Story" is heavily and doggedly vehement. It moves with power but without grace, and even the moments of eloquence which are intended to raise it to the heights remain murky and violent rather than poetic. It must also be remarked that "Success Story" lacks variety and progressive development. By the end of the first act the hero has revealed himself completely, and there remains only the working out of what the audience has already seen to be inevitable. But despite all this, it must be repeated that the play is something to put one's teeth into—that it has passion, intensity, and sincerity; that it is using the drama for a worthy purpose and coming close enough to achieving that purpose to make the attempt worth while. Something of the same sort may, moreover, be said of the Group Theater's production. One gets a sincere and competent performance by people who are interested in their craft and determined to learn a good deal about it. Both Mr. Lawson and the Group Theater have something different from the cleverness of the usual successful playwright and the slickness of the usual successful company. Broadway could do very well with a little more of that something.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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# Films

## "Mädchen in Uniform"

WHEN one comes to think of it, the movies are really one of the privileged arts. We ask so little of them, and are so greatly pleased when we get that little. A novel or a play giving no more than a true picture of life would hardly rouse us to any fits of enthusiasm. But when a moving picture breaks away from the time-worn clichés of Hollywood, our hearts leap with joy and we feel like acclaiming the courageous piece of work as a masterpiece of art. Such is our gratitude. And well is this gratitude deserved in the case of "Mädchen in Uniform," the German-made picture now showing at the Criterion. This film does more than merely tell its story in an honest and straightforward way. It succeeds in permeating the story with an atmosphere of sensitive understanding that makes its characters supremely human. The comedy of school life is familiar enough. It has been left to "Mädchen in Uniform" to show us something of its drama. It would have been easy in a subject of this kind to stress the obvious and appeal to the sympathy of the audience with scenes of heartless tyranny over children. Commendably, the film avoids this beaten path. It conveys the sense of drama merely by picturing the oppressive atmosphere of a girls' boarding-school in Germany, a school ruled by a soulless discipline which stifles all natural human instincts and reduces the children to the condition of mere ciphers. Inevitably, now and again some sensitive child breaks down under this strain. Then enter hysterics, attempts at suicide, and scandal, as the situation is viewed by the guardians of school properties. Perhaps the main charm of the picture is the naturalness with which the schoolgirls play their parts. The characterization of the mistresses is less happy, suggesting as it does the more deliberate emphasis of stage technique. An exception to this, however, is the acting of Dorothea Wieck—in the part of the idolized mistress Fräulein von Bernburg—who reveals remarkable reserve and delicacy of interpretation in a rather difficult role. It may be ungracious to add that in its use of the film medium "Mädchen in Uniform" does not strike any note of originality, and in fact is quite conventional. But there is no need to be captious. The excellent taste, the charm, and the honesty of the film are enough in these days to make us welcome it as far and away the most interesting picture of this season.

Natives, like children, have the happy faculty of retaining their unaffected naturalness before the eye of the camera. In "Goona Goona" (Cameo) the story and treatment derive quite noticeably from Hollywood models, but the acting of the natives as noticeably does not, and with the grace of the women, the splendid physique of the men, the quaint customs, and the beautiful scenery of the island of Bali, the film is decidedly worth seeing. In this case the real life of the people was there for the taking, and no great credit attaches to the producer for availing himself of this opportunity. The case of "The Night of June 13th" (Paramount) is somewhat different. The film was made in Hollywood, and to ignore the conventions and stick to the realities of life as Stephen Roberts, the director of this picture, did required both courage and a sense of artistic values. The film is marred by the stage mechanics of the plot, but it has much that is fresh and well observed, and it succeeds in portraying the trivialities of suburban existence with incisive vigor.

"Le Bal" (Little Carnegie Playhouse) is an amusing French comedy of manners with occasional touches of the farcical and the grotesque.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY



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